

LANDY AND LANDY WE A process of the control of the that same people had maintained that the color of the park of the

BY ANNIE S. SWAN

nt a little entertaining want, Biddy? Shall we

he hill, or would you a music hall?" after 3 o'clock.

ac oderable dimple in had sever looked more t the moment when she a trifle eagerly on one Carstake had secretly adily a wincome creature

They had been marabout the simpler life, shy

want new frocks badly and can't have them, and for an example to those who want them and have them, so matter at what cost." said Riddy, delivering ber-self of this heroic sentiment trium-

wrestling with the buttons of her glove.

So all sadly, sadly true,"

It is a business of Hathbone's turned out much better than I expected."

That business of Hathbone's turned out much better than I expected."

"A new frock." For the moment Eld-dy's eyes shore. She loved pretty dy's eyes shore. She loved many. How which will not hamper language. But no extravagance could be laid to her charge, for her own clever fingers when the company's redgy, be slide their homery, when they want fashioned most of them, and her eye help during a polity sight more than the law, what happens then?

"Ta love a new frock." Tom, but I mustn't have it."

"Why, pray?"

"For the sake of all the women who want as condition there was a new frock badly and can't have them, and there eye here often said how drearly are these long, expensive diameter. She sate forth how much better is a dainty must be talk which will not hamper language. But when the company's redgy, went then the company's redgy to the company in the sake forth how much better the sate ham the company is the sate of the eye much the forth the company is the sate of the company in the sate of the company is the sate of the company in the sate of the company is the sate of the company in the sate of the company is the sate of the company in the sate of the company is the sate of the company in the sate of the company is the sate of the company in the sate of the company is the sate of the company in the sate of the company is the sate of the company in the sate of the company is the sate of the company in the sate of the company is the sate of

cocked 12 "Ob. Tom. you are Dorrid! Why, she writes as if she were accustomed to the very best molety. She couldn't write like that unless she really knew."

write to here? have her to tea or and a

"Dear child, you do as you like." he made haste to unswer. "Miss Water-touse will be a new type, but I don't want to be reformed just yet Heldy invitur." And when I think you need wform I'll do it myself."

So the talk deed out in happy lough-

what Johnny wrote the book? The said of the street of the section of the section of the street of the section o

"That book his awakened my curscience I'i write to Miss Waterious;
perhaps I shall even in the her to ten
Just think how pleasest and uplifying
if would be for her to have my letter,
and to know that her words had really
done some good
"But you're all right. Biddy, I don't
in Miss Waterbouse"
"Then I mayn't have her to ten or may be seen and successful day
"Then I mayn't have her to ten or may be seen of the simpler life.

A small dinner was arranged with Care
half approval, he being a social
social approval he being a social
social newer happior than when calerraining his friends in his core home.

"A small dinner was arranged with Care
later or her to have a special approval, he being a social
social newer happior than when calerraining his friends in his core home.

"Any of you read a hook called The
simpler Life? he asked with ag lightly
ironical smile, when the door was shut
and he was alone with his ment as she had been to hours ago, and
so the situation.

"Any of you read a hook called The
simpler Life? he asked with ag lightly
from and he was a little nervous note in her volee.

She was not so cager on her experiment as she had been to hours ago, and
set he last moment had been to hours ago, and
set he last moment had been to hours ago, and
set he stream to have send round to the forist's But she had
beid on to her courage only she did not
like the distribution.

"Any of you read a hook called The
simple Life? he asked with as lightly
from care have send to the forist's But she had
beid on to her courage only she did not
been to have send to hook in her husand's eyes.

"What's shat you're doing, little one?

O, it is god enough as for as it god.

"O, it is god enough as for as the god on the send to he was an the mode

然而我也也也也也也也也也也是由我也是**会**我也会

Caralais had a best and successful day and returned lums at night half an hoar suffer them carms, prepared to have a thoroughly emplyable evening.

The table was laid very dantily and pastilly, but not a deliver to be assent. There was a centered, a silver flower put in the works been scattered. A silver flower put in the center held same growing bysicials of a rather erude plat shade.

"What's fluxt you're doing, little one?"

Surely you're not going to put on that said demay on the saked, gazing with dismay on the same gazine, said Caralake with admirable case. "My said caralake with admirable case." "My said caralake with admirable case. "My said caralake with admirable case." "O. it is god snough as far as it goes." The saked, gazing with dismay on the said point and it out for the liver, doubtless, but I think we shall all tell her we prefer the old style of thins and let our digestions look after themselves."

What's fluxt you're doing, little one?

"O. it is god snough as far as it goes."

"O. it is god snough as far as it goes."

The table was laid very dantily and profile and like to try the experiment of the liver, doubtless, but I think we shall all tell her we prefer the old style of thins and let our digestions look after themselves."

The table was laid very dantily and this is a fichy of real lace."

What's fluxt you're doing, little one?

"O. it is god snough as far as it goes."

The table was laid very dantily and this is a fichy of real lace."

Where a table of the very dantily and for the liver, doubtless, but I think we shall all tell her we prefer the old style of this and let our digestions look after themselves."

It was passed off as a prime and amushing look in the duing room, but in the

It was passed off as a prime and amus-ing loke in the dining-room, but in the next room Biddy had a bad half hour, and when the end of the interminable evening came she was conscious of noth-ing but a sense of complete rout.

nice of you, Thomas,

ris Tom!"

sel" he complained.

freed again, standing there with the light shining on her gir the dark red glass of the vestintew, pretending to be buttoning es, per eyes aparkling every time ord the restive horse kick his heels prite and love and beauty in ine of her-n night for gods and

he masterfully cried. "Let me your gioves!" on think you can-Tom?' she

not?" be demanded. I'm afraid you might tear them?" Tenr them? he cried (speaking as Who has been asked to commit sacri-Tear them?"

Ten're so strong!" she gently exthen he blunded and there they

identical moment) stenling a little glance Is this the place?" famous time! I swear it! fully). "Done!"

"I do love to ride in hansome!" she the alsie, where he helped her take off contentedly remarked sunggiling back in her cost (with a singular sir of proprie until it had all the ravishing effect of a and then-down they rat. double chin, folding her little hands de-murely in her lap and looking out at the that he-well, he asked himself a ques- the band was off. tion and quickly nodded his head affirms

tively in reply. In imagination he already saw the ring upon her finger.

were; she timidly holding out her little | sle ?" she asked.

my to her little finger tips. Puckered brow and tenderness, gently 156. "You're sure you want to go!" "Oh, positive" she assured him. "Fan she bending over (to tell him how) and my Lee's been going to these recitals all

> a little giance at her and she (at that them that I feel I've nimply got to go! draw up before a hall wherein was assem-"There's said he at last quite regret- bled a certain famous orchestral society. And sown the steps they tripped to the for her, and out she jumped to proud waiting cab, and late it they jumped and and resy and beaming), and up the steps they went, and in at the door and down

> > The orchestra filed in (melancholy men)

Here was a group of red-faced members blowing curiously into fantastic things (at intervals exceedingly remote) the fagmade of shiny polished brass. Here was ends of melody were accompanied by "I hope you'll like the music!" said he. a line of despondents, cheeks puffed out, aweetest chords of harmony, but the "Won't there be anything else but mu- with the ends of straight black woodes orchestra seemed to be ashamed of these

instruments in their mouths. Here were mounted, and the odd players of odder ["Oh!" she cried. "That was a slip!" a cab, said be.

Sa cab, said be.

That's all." he replied in bit delegal the piccole players, doubtlessty playing things invited apoplexy in their efforts to but quite unheard in the meneral fumult. drown all else in an occan of odd, aston-Here were the frantie operators of the labour, bizavre, acreeching, thundering, violius, raising muscles. Here and there squarky and uncertain noises. he too bending over (to do it), he similing winter, and she falks so much about were nondescripts doing odd things to "Like it" she uncertainly asked him odder sound-producing apparatus. Occa- as they flied out. sionally one set of workers took a needed And uncertainly he smiled on her. at him, both drepping their eyes on, a And with a magnificent flourish the cab rest but (after stolldly staring at the au- And uncertainly he and she filed out dienes in a self-artisfied sort of way un- into sunny Broadway. Slowly, silently, til they were thoroughly recuperated) almost distractly, they sauntered into and out he jumped and held out his hand they started in again at periods quite un- Central Park and sat on one of the sunny certain.

"Like RT" he asked her. fine tenderly united at him.

Sometimes the orchestra played softly, and sometimes (and more generally) with aut hand-organ; the seat, settling her chin into her collar torship which she almost seemed to like) the noise of denions, and sometimes (though very, very seldem) a fag-end of a pure true melody managed to make itand, amid applause the leader followed | self heard above the din, but was promptpessing throng with such an air of little He and she aat expectant. The leader ly pulled under the surface again. Somewomanly composure and aubite bousiness tapped bis stand. One-two-three-and times they played not unplement chords, and sometimes (and very frequently) harshly insistent discords, and sometimes

benches. Behind them runtled the building trees. Before them ran a bovy of laughing children. And from far off in the distance came the sound of a jubit-

If I were what the words are And love were like the tune,

With double sound and single, Delight our lips would mingle With kisses glad as birds are That get aweet showers at noon-If I were what the words are And love were like the tune.

"There" said he. "That's something like music."

"Yes, dear!" she dreamly replied.

Wheraupen she reemed all maidenly in-"Yes" or 'Noll' he demanded. "One

He drew a full breath and-popped the

or the other!" Ang! "Yes; dear!" she dutifully breathed --New York Sun.

からからならならなるからなった OUR TONIC AIR.

When the amuzed European seks up tatingly, but soon with vigor and confiwhich fired our fathers to cross the wide Atlantic, and which in less or equal de-gree still animates the thousands annous realized exports and trained observers, ally seeking our sheres, is fed and famual

by the cold winds from the northwest.

f miles above our heads, usually over the Rocky Mountain plateau. Suddenly a mass of bitterly cold air will tumble Cown open Montann. It rushes down as though poured through an enormous funnel. As it falls it gains momentum, and, reaching the earth, spreads over the Mississippi Valley and then over the Atlantic States, covering them like a blanket. It scatters the foul, logy, breath sonked atmosphere in our towns and cities, and puts ginger into the air. We en our lungs with it and live. New waves are always coming, following each other In regular procession like the waves on a seashore.

It is fitting then that meteorology, the what makes the singgish mind of the im- science of the scatter, should be a dismigrant stir and waken in the United thertly American product, and that the States, and then to climb, at first heal- people of United States should have the best weather service in the world. The dence, to the top round in the ladder of United States government spends \$1,500,000 success, we are accustomed to reply. "It a gear on its weather bureau, which is in the air," and we are right. The spirit more money than all the governments of The cold wave is born in the heavens, zine.